

PHILHARMONIC SCORES TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

Mme. Julia Culp, Vocal Soloist, and
Mr. Stransky Delight Audience
at New National.

ORCHESTRAL RENDITION FINE

The Philharmonic Orchestra, of New York, gave the second concert of its series for the season at the New National Theater yesterday afternoon. The soloist was the great Dutch lieder singer, Mme. Julia Culp.

The program offered a direct contrast between the most scholarly, formal and the most emotionally romantic types of music. The performance opened with a "Prelude, Choral and Fugue" of each, arranged for orchestra by J. J. Albert—the fugue the great G minor for organ, and the prelude the C minor of the first of the twenty-four for piano. As a piece of orchestration it is thoroughly satisfying. Mr. Stransky's reading was masterly in its noble simplicity and the clarity with which each thread in the complex weave of voices was made to be heard.

Mr. Stransky yesterday proved himself easily master of abstract music, of concrete programmatic music, and of song accompaniment. The accompaniments for Mme. Culp were in the highest degree artistic. Especially was this true of the "Ave Maria" accompaniment. Both the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" music of Dukas and the "Mandol" Symphony of Tschalkowsky are of the programmatic order. To the full appreciation of either, the poems, "Ballad of Goethe" and Byron's "Manfred," must be read. The first is a humorous characterization of a supernatural power. It must be said that Dukas is most convincing in his Scherzo. The "Sorcerer's Apprentice" has invoked a power that he can neither suppress nor regulate. One is perfectly aware in the music of all the tyranny of magic let loose and accumulative accelerando of frenzied tricks of the supernatural world. Tschalkowsky's "Mandol" is not so thoroughly convincing. The theme is psychological, portraying the sufferings—the supernatural soul sufferings—of a misanthrope. Spirits of the underworld are called into being; nemesis, a witch, and the ghost of his dead love appear; and the hero of misery finally dies. The subject is greatly Byronic, and in some measure well suited to Tschalkowsky's genius. A great deal of the music is in perfect keeping with the poem; a gloomy foreboding, a tragic melancholy pervades the piece. The last movement is grandly tragic; the first movement is problematical; one would like to know what the composer intended. Throughout the rhythmic element is the highest dramatic force. It is not beautiful music; it is interesting from a critical point of view. Mr. Stransky's reading was vital with dramatic meanings, whenever and wherever these were clearly expressed in the music. Unhappily there are pages on pages of not clearly expressed ideas.

Mme. Culp sang three Schubert songs, "Soldier Rest, Thy Warfare Over," "Huntsman Rest, Thy Chase Is Done," and "Ave Maria," to orchestral accompaniment. To piano accompaniment by Mr. Conrad V. Bos she sang Brahms' "Von ewiger Liebe," "Ständchen," and "Der Schmelzer," and the "Morgen" and "Heimliche Aufforderung" of Richard Strauss. Everything Mme. Culp sings she makes vivid. In every song she is the actor; her voice, a perfect organ, in its psychological expression, taking the place of gesture and facial expression. The hearer forgets the artistic perfection of her voice in her message; the essential poetic spirit of the song.

The unaffected tenderness of her "Ave Maria" of Schubert was more to be remembered than the high artistic skill with which her voice reveals on the long-sustained notes; and her manly but fine rendering of Brahms' "Der Schmelzer" (a lesson to the usual robust style of the delivery of that charming song) makes of secondary importance the splendid force voice without the least forcing of the tone.

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WOMAN WHO LOVED "BRUTE" MAKES PUBLIC APOLOGY TO HER HUSBAND



MRS. FLORENCE FOLSOM.

New York, Feb. 10.—In a letter written from Chico, Cal., Mrs. Florence Folsom, whose career in Reno attracted much attention recently, and who declared she loved "Gus" Williams, a rancher, because he was a "brute," apologized to her husband for the unkind things she had said about him. She asked that the letter be made public and said that she wished him to marry again.

ON THE UPPERLEVEL.

By ISOLA FORRESTER.

(Copyright, 1914.)

The 12:37 train in from White Plains was late. Also it came in on the upper level of the Concourse instead of the lower at the Grand Central station. Ordinarily the change would have been a mere matter of official routine, but it made all the difference in the world on this particular Monday, for Miss Anne Titheradge didn't know her way to the house where she was to act as maid of honor at 2 p. m. sharp.

Wanda had written an excited sort of bridish note at the eleventh hour, telling her Tod Davis would meet her with the elated electric and drive her up. That was all.

She walked slowly over the great marble inclosure, pulling off her gloves a bit nervously.

"Yes, please, two suitcases," she said absently to the red-capped porter who approached. She reached for her checks, and found them gone from the mesh bag on her arm. There was nothing else missing, not even the twin gold pieces in the inner purse that she had planned to slip into the toes of the little pearl embroidered boudoir slippers, her gift to Wanda. Now even the slippers were missing, too, in the smaller suitcase.

"I must have dropped them back in White Plains," she said, perplexed. "Don't you think they'd let me identify room, and she waited for the load of suitcases."

There were ever so many essential and necessary things that she must have for the wedding in those suitcases, all her lingerie, and gloves, and general dainty accessories. The hat and dress were down at Wanda's, fortunately.

The porter led her down to the baggage room, and she waited for the load of cases to arrive from the White Plains train. It was tiresome. The hands on her watch moved almost recklessly, it seemed to her. Then, just as she saw the familiar White Star label on her larger one, and the old Venice hotel tags on the smaller,

a tall young man leaned over the counter and pointed out the larger bag.

"There she is," he said. "Hand it out. That's mine," said Anne, haughtily if hastily. "And the little darker one beside it, too, please."

"Checks," suggested the attendant, innocently. But the stranger had wheeled about aggressively, and swung off his cap at sight of Anne's flushed, lovely face.

"Why, Miss Titheradge—Anne—Great Scott, I am in luck. Where are you going?"

It was Bruce Crittenden. At the very sound of his dear old throaty bass, she had wanted to turn and run, straight up the long incline out of his reach. But there was no way out. And it had been only four weeks since she had left him in Bermuda. Deep blue skies, cliffs of coral, little lifting sails that called, one out to sea, and over at her elbow this man, Bruce Crittenden, wooing her as she had never been wooed in all her joyous, victorious debutante two years.

He had taken her two hands in his, crushing them till her rings pressed into the flesh painfully, but she smiled up at him bravely.

"I thought you were going on to Egypt, and then to China, wasn't it, and then the islands? Those really are my suitcases that you were trying to run off with, and I'm due at Wanda Isham's wedding at 2, please."

"Come on. We'll get a taxi. I've got to talk to you. Where are your checks?"

"Lost, but I can tell them what is on top." Still with the flush in her cheeks, Anne told the man behind the counter that if he would just raise the lid of each a trifle, not too high, please, he would find in one a pale pink crepe de chine negligee gown, and lace boudoir cap, with pink satin rosebuds around it. And beneath a quilted Chinese mandarin coat of white silk, with gold beads and butterflies on it. And in the other one a toilet set in ivory and gold, monogram "A. R. T." Was that enough? Quite enough, they told

her, smilingly, and Bruce swung the suitcases over to the waiting porter, with his own, which he had discovered.

"Quar, we even have suitcases that look alike," Bruce explained, looking her arm under his. "Lord, but it's good to be with you again. Why didn't you write to me?"

Anne's chin raised ever so slightly, but significantly.

"Why should I? You had too many pens in your world tour."

"Now, what do you mean by that, Anne? Anne, dearest—" He stopped near the information booth and set down the suitcases deliberately, Anne watching the globe clock with tantalizing fixity.

"Anne, if you don't look at me I'll kiss you before everybody and swear you just got off the Western limited and are my wife. Didn't I show you in every way a man could show there in that golden land of enchantment that I was crazy over you? We are engaged."

"On probation," she put in, firmly. "You didn't stand your probation well. You broke your word."

"How did I? You needn't watch the clock, because I won't let you go now. Go on, finish it."

"All right. Have it if you want it." She turned to him suddenly. "Wanda told me you had been engaged to her before she met Crosby Hayden, and she threw you over. I—I may be different from other girls, but I don't want—"

She stopped, flushing under his indignant gaze.

"So that is it. And for an idiotic twirl of a few weeks up in the mountains two years ago, you'd snatched all our hopes of a life time. Where's your aunt?"

"Why, up at White Plains," said Anne in surprise. "I am staying on for the spring with her, and then we join uncle in London."

Bruce turned to the attendant in the booth and asked a question. Then he picked up the suitcases, sent the porter away, and made for the taxi stand entrance.

Anne followed with a strange, frantic feeling that something was going to happen, and she could not possibly stop it; in fact, she didn't know whether she wanted to or not. Suddenly they came face to face with Tod Davis, nervous, red-faced, perspiring freely, and worried-looking. He almost seized Anne in his arms.

"Why, there you are, Anne. I've been all over this confounded place 70 times, and through the tunnels and runways until I feel like one of these western steers out in the stockyards seeking a blind doom. Hello, Bruce. Back again?"

"Just leaving," said Bruce, pleasantly. "You'd better hurry up to Wanda's, and tell her so she'll have time to get one of the other girls to act as maid of honor. Anne's going west."

"Oh, Bruce," Anne began, quickly, but Bruce's hand closed over hers and she stopped.

"But it's after 1 now," Tod gasped. "You look as if you were going to sleep. We are, old man; we are," smiled back Bruce. "Going to be married in Jersey in about half an hour, and catch a limited that won't stop until it hits the shoulder of the Rockies. I was on my way out to Nevada when I stumbled over Anne's suitcases, and I thought they'd be better so long."

"You must have come in on the upper level," Tod said to Anne. "If I hadn't missed you you'd have been all right." Anne raised her hands laughingly. "I'm rather glad you did, Tod."

ORATORIO TO BE REPEATED.

"Elijah" Will Be Given at Church of Covenant This Evening.

The Washington Oratorio Society will repeat Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," in the Church of the Covenant this evening at 8:15 o'clock. This was decided on by the directors of the society owing to the hundreds who were unable to gain admission to the church last Wednesday evening.

The performance will be under the musical direction of Sydney Lloyd Wright, with Harvey Murray presiding at the organ. The solo parts will be sustained by the following well-known soloists: First quartet, Mrs. Ethel Holzl-claw, soprano; Miss Beulah L. Hinder, contralto; H. P. Backing, tenor; Charles Trowbridge, Tittman, bass, and the second quartet, Miss Christine Church, soprano; Mrs. Zell Weaver Jayne, contralto; John G. Klein, tenor; Caspar Dickson, bass. The chorus numbers 100 voices.

No tickets of admission will be necessary.

Divorcee of 16 Years Wants Alimony

New York, Feb. 10.—Mrs. Rebekah Magonigle, who divorced Harold Van-buren Magonigle, a well-known architect, sixteen years ago in North Dakota, asked Justice Bijur today for alimony from her former husband. She alleged that he had caused her to get a divorce out of the State on the ground of non-support, although she did not wish to do so. He has remarried. Magonigle claims that his first wife went voluntarily to North Dakota and sued for a divorce.

Two New Residences.

Structures Nearing Completion by James Galvin, Builder.

Among the recent improvements in residence property there is none more attractive than the two buildings of W. F. Dennis which are being completed at the corner of P street and the Avenue of the Presidents. The new homes are exceptionally striking for their unusual bright and well-lighted rooms appointed in modern taste and with the latest equipment.

The new residences are three stories in height and contain basements. The cor-

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BUILDING NEWS AND GOSSIP

DUTCH COLONIAL HOME WILL BE BUILT SOON

Residence to Be Constructed for H. Prescott Gatley in Quincy Street at \$10,000 Cost.

One of the most attractive residences will be erected in Quincy street, east of Connecticut avenue, this spring for H. Prescott Gatley at a cost of about \$10,000. The structure will be of the old Dutch-colonial architecture, containing two stories and an attic. The lot on which the building will stand measures 35 feet by 125 feet.

The house will be constructed of stone and ornamented by a large colonial porch. One of the novel features in the new home will be a garage so constructed beneath the structure to form a subdivision of the cellar, which is also to contain the storeroom, boiler and furnace room.

The first floor will consist of large, airy and handsomely appointed living rooms; a large room will flank the entrance connected with a reception hall and reception room, leading into the dining hall. The second floor will contain four bedrooms. The attic will contain the servants' quarters.

The improvement of this particular colonial residence points out a growing specialty in the prevailing homes of the recently improved suburban subdivision.

SILICATE BRICKS POPULAR.

Washington Company Forced to Increase Output of Material.

The Washington Silicate Brick Company, with offices in the Colorado Building and works at Terra Cotta, D. C., report heavy demands for their new building material, white silicate brick. The new Bureau of Engraving and Printing have consumed several millions of them, and many apartment houses and office buildings are using them very freely. In the vicinity of Chevy Chase they are being used in most of the better class of residences for basement work, chimneys, etc.

The company also has a large trade through the Carolinas, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. The output of its factory has been increased to 60,000 bricks per day and is running full time.

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WALL PAPER PLAYS IMPORTANT PART

Joseph Stearman Says It Is 80 Per Cent in the Home Decoration.

Joseph Stearman, paperhanger and decorator, at 1312 G street northwest, says that wall paper is 80 per cent of the home decoration.

Mr. Stearman has kept this point well in the foreground in all his work and counts it as valuable as fairness in price, reality in value, and highest decorative quality.

He has just completed decorating the home of C. Smith, the artist; the office rooms of the Jenifer Building, the apartment house of William Rosendorf, the houses of Fred Cochran and C. McConnell, the apartment and stores of Mrs. Kate Herlihy, and the store of the A. Moses Construction Company.

ROW OF HOUSES ERECTED.

A row of attractive moderate-price dwellings have been erected at 427 to 437 Columbia road northwest, by Winfield Preston, builder. The dwellings are constructed of light brick and contain six rooms each.

In each house there is a wide covered porch across the front and a double porch in the rear. The houses are wired for electricity and contain hot water heating plants. Phillips and Sager are exclusive agents for the properties.

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DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS.



See Next Sunday's Herald Comic Section for Full Page of the Doings of the Van Loons.